O, the diuell take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue me,
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
*Wor.* Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
VVe will ſtay your leyſure.
*Hot.* I haue done yfaith.
*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottiſh priſoners,
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the Dowglas ſonne your onely meane
For powers in Scotland, which for diuers reaſons
VVhich I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſurde
Will eaſily be granted you my Lord.
Your ſonne in Scotland being thus employed
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate welbelou'd
The Archbiſhop.
*Hot.* Of Yorke, is it not?
*Wor.* True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Scroope:*
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtaies but to be hold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
*Hot.* I ſmell it. Vpon my life it wil do well.
*Nor.* Before the game is afoote, thou ſtill letſt ſlip.
*Hot.* VVhy it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland and of Yorke,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.
*Wor.* And ſo they ſhall.
*Hotſ.* In faith it is exceedingly wel aimd.
*Wor.* and tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeede,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King wil alwaies thinke him in our dept,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth beginne
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.





*Hot.* He does, he does, weele
*Wor.* Couſin, Farewel. No fu
Then I by Letters ſhal direct y
VVhen time is ripe, which will
Ile ſteale to Glendower, and lo
VVhere you and Douglas, and
As I wil faſhion it, ſhal happily
To beare our fortunes in our
VVhich now we hold at much
*Nor.* Farewel good brother,
*Hot.* Vncle adeu: O let the ho
Till fields, and Blowes, and gro
*Enter a Carrier with a l*
1 *Car.* Heigh ho, An it be not
Charles waine is ouer the new
packt. VVhat Oſtler?
*Oſt.* Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat
the point, poore iade is wrung
*Enter another Ca*
2 *Car* Peaſe and beanes a
is the next way to giue poore ia
ned vpſide downe ſince Robin
1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ic
it was the death of him.
2 *Car.* I thinke this be the
don roade for fleas, I am ſtung
1 *Car.* Like a tench: by th
ſten could be better bit, then I
2 *Car.* Why, they will allow
leake in your chimney, and yo
loach.
1 *Car.* What Oſtler, come a
2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of
to be deliuered as far as Chari
2 *Car.* Gods body, the Tur
ued: what Oſtler? a plague on t
head? canſt not heare; & t'were

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22283) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34